

The contention of the two famous Houses.

The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Hum. Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humfrey.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage.
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the Land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well see, if he but walke the streetes,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey*,
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,
Cofin of *Somer* set be rulde by me,
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somer. Thankes cofin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of *Suffolke*,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his seate.

Buck. Content, come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition followes after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good:
Oft haue I seene this haughty Cardinall
Sweare, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a *Russian* then a man of the Church.

Cofine

Torke and Lancaster

Cofin *Torke*, the victories thou hast won
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in *England*,
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping
Hath won thee credit amongst the common
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuells*
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for that
That good duke *Humfrey* may his state

But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my no
War. For greefe that all is lost that
Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen
Why *Warwicke* did win them, & must th
with our swords, be giuen away wit
Torke. As I haue read, our Kings of *Engl*
large dowries with their waiues, but
way his owne.

Sal. Come sonnes away and looke vnto
War. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine*
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did win
Maine chance father you meant, but I
Which I will vvin from *France*, or else

Exit

Torke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen
Cold neeves for me, for I had hope of *France*
Euen as I haue of fertile *England*.
A day will come when *Torke* shall claim
And therefore I will take the *Neuells* part
And make a shew of loue to proud duke
And when I spy aduantage, claime the
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish fist
Nor weare the diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for
Then *Torke* be still a while till time doe